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1st North St. East of Tithing Office

When in the capital city stop at the

## Windsor Hotel, SALT LAKE CITY

Centrally Located, South of Kenyon Hotel.  
Main Street, European plan. Rates reason-  
able. State trade solicited.  
Rates—50c and up.

## A. H. PALMER The Plumber.

37 West, 1st North Street.  
GARDEN HOSE SPRINKLERS  
etc. Just arrived from the Factory.  
10 cents per foot and up.

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stable floors, and reservoirs. Call at  
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Over  
First National Bank Logan Utah

## Petersen and Sons THE PAINTERS

House, Sign and Carriage Painting.  
Shop: One Block South of Thatch-  
er's Bank

## Oregon Short Line R. R.

### CACHE VALLEY TIME CARD.

No. 11. Daily.	No. 15. Daily, Mixed
Pocatello, 2:45 p.m.	2:40 a.m.
Salt Lake, 5:45 p.m.	12:30
Ogden, 7:15	9:10
Catch Jct, 8:55	10:50
Mendon, 9:15	11:00
Logan, 9:30	11:25
Smithfield, 9:48	11:40
Richmond, 9:59	11:52
Franklin 10:18	12:15

### ARRIVES

Preston, 10:35 p.m. 9:10 a.m.

### SOUTH BOUND.

### LEAVES

No. 12. Daily.	No. 16. Daily, Mixed.
Preston, 1:10 a.m.	9:15 a.m.
Franklin, 7:27	9:45
Richmond, 7:42	10:05
Smithfield, 7:59	10:20
Logan, 8:15	10:35
Mendon, 8:38	10:55
Catch Jct, 8:55	11:10

### ARRIVES

Ogden, 10:30 a.m.	7:00 p.m.
Salt Lake, 12:01 p.m.	8:10
Pocatello, 12:50	8:50

For tickets to or from all points East, West,  
North or South, call on

W. W. WOODSIDE,  
Agent

## W. W. MAUGHAN ATTORNEY-AT-LAW.

Office in County Court House; south-  
east room up-stairs. Telephone 18y.

## Fresh Lime

Wheeler & McKinney

have a fine stock constantly on hand.  
Two Blocks North of Tabernacle.



KANSAS CITY,  
ST. LOUIS,  
CHICAGO,  
NEW YORK,  
or any point  
EAST or SOUTH

See that your ticket  
reads

VIA  
Missouri Pacific Railway

Elegant Coaches, Quick Time,  
and Superior Track make this line  
the People's Favorite Route.  
The only line reaching Hot  
Springs, Arkansas, the Capital  
of America. For maps, informa-  
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C. A. TRIPP, C. F. & P. A.

105 W. SECOND SOUTH ST.  
SALT LAKE CITY, - UTAH.

## Dogs as Heroes.



The cases on record in which dogs  
have risked their lives to save their  
fellow creatures are almost as nume-  
rous as the acts of heroism chronicled  
in the annals of humanity. The finest  
medal that was ever struck would not  
have been too great a reward for the  
noble act performed by Budge, a spaniel,  
in a recent Hoboken fire. Budge  
lived at 413 Fourteenth street, together  
with fifty carrier pigeons, a dozen  
fancy rabbits, and her own four pup-  
pies, only a few days old.

Before the building was well alight  
Mr. Seins, the landlord and owner of  
Budge, managed to escape with his  
family, but the carrier pigeons, the  
rabbits and the puppies were forgot-  
ten. Budge was absent at the time,  
but returned half an hour after the  
fire started.

For a moment she stood agape at  
the flames, and then, realizing that her  
family was in dire danger, she dashed  
through the fire and in a moment re-  
turned carrying a badly blistered  
puppy. Her anxious face wore a look  
of quiet triumph as she left the little  
creature in a place of safety and once  
more returned to the burning building.  
Again she came back with another  
puppy, a little more singed this time,  
but also living. Her own hair was  
now ablaze, but, unmindful of the  
pain, she dropped the pup in the street  
and started back again.

But a young man who had stood by  
watching her caught the dog in his  
arms, and in spite of her frantic  
struggles to return to her perishing  
family refused to let her go. Had he  
done so she would have gone to her  
death.

So badly burned was the brave ani-  
mal, that an ambulance was called,  
and she and the pups were taken to  
the dog hospital, where they were de-  
tained for nearly a week. Of all the  
live stock in that building the only  
creatures saved were the two pup-  
pies, and they owe their lives not to  
man but to what, in this instance at  
least, proved to be the nobler animal.

Mother love was the cause of the  
death of Daisy, a beautiful little fox  
terrier, the daughter of Mouse, a noted  
prize winner, the property of Col. G. A.  
Stevens, a millionaire. Daisy belonged  
to Capt. Woodall, who has charge of  
the barges of the New Jersey Ice com-  
pany. Daisy was the mother of four  
puppies, which were born on New  
Year's day, and she was the proudest  
parent in all New York state.

In the second week of January last  
Capt. Woodall made the discovery that  
one of the puppies was dead, and when  
Daisy was away he threw the little  
corpse into the Hudson, but the tide  
was low and there was no current to  
carry it away. When the mother re-  
turned to her litter she instantly saw  
that one was missing. She went wild  
with anxiety, and raced from barge to  
barge looking for her lost puppy.

At last she caught sight of it bob-  
bing up and down in the water, and in  
an instant she was after it. She  
swam to the side of the body, took it  
in her mouth and turned toward the  
shore. But the icy waters of the river  
were too much for the gently bred

dog, and though she made the most  
heroic efforts to save herself and the  
puppy, which she fondly imagined still  
lived, it was no use, and after a little  
while she gave up the attempt as a  
bad job, and before help could come  
she sank, carrying the puppy with her.

Capt. Woodall was almost as grief  
stricken for his pet as Daisy had been  
for her offspring, and offered a big re-  
ward for the two bodies, which were  
secured by a boatman. An attempt  
was made to bring up the three little  
orphans on the bottle, which succeeded  
so well that they are now growing  
up and almost old enough to un-  
derstand the story of their mother's  
heroism, which Capt. Woodall's little  
son is never tired of telling them.

Another case in which a dog made  
a heroic attempt to save the life of a  
friend was that of Jack, a wire-haired  
terrier. After he had been in the  
family for a few months a stranger  
was introduced in the shape of a fluffy  
little black King Charles spaniel. Jack  
and the new arrival—who was called  
Queenie—became firm friends, sleep-  
ing in the same basket and eating  
from the same plate.

Queenie was devoted to the fire, and  
would lie inside the fender and go to  
sleep peacefully. Whenever Jack  
found her in this dangerous position  
he would look at her for a moment  
and then, taking her by the neck,  
would place her on the rug.

One evening he came to his master  
with a look of anxiety, making a pec-  
uliar noise, half bark, half whine.  
He looked at his master for a moment  
and then left the room. Returning  
again he made the same noise and  
started for the door, looking back at  
every step. His master was busy just  
then and took no notice until for the  
third time he returned, when the mas-  
ter rose and followed him. The dog  
led the way through several passages  
and finally into the kitchen, walked up  
to the range, and placed one paw on  
the oven. The fire was out for the  
maids had gone to bed, and on open-  
ing the door there was Queenie at her  
last gasp. She had not been burnt,  
but simply suffocated.

Every effort was made to revive the  
dog, while Jack stood by with a look  
of the most intense anxiety on his  
face. But it was no use, and the  
little body was taken into the garden  
and laid upon the lawn. Jack gave  
one glance at his friend, put his nose  
to hers, then ran off. He was not  
seen again for three days, when he re-  
turned dirty, bedraggled and lame.  
Never did he ever enter that kitchen  
again. He had made a noble effort  
to save his friend, and it was not  
his fault that the density of one man's  
comprehension had prevented his suc-  
ceeding.

### Civic Pride.

Congressman Slayden of Texas is  
telling his friends how he learned  
from a little girl of 4 years how much  
New York people thought of their  
city. He was at the house of one of  
his New York acquaintances, whose  
daughter had begun to attend school a  
few weeks ago.

"And what have you been learning  
at school Agnes?" he asked her.

Then she proceeded to tell him  
about spelling and reading and her  
other studies, but she seemed to be  
interested in geography more than  
anything else. The points of the com-  
pass occupied all her thoughts now.

"North's that way, teacher said,"  
and Agnes pointed her finger. "It's  
not exactly right up Fifth avenue, but  
a little that way."

"Now, don't you think the avenue  
ought to have been built north and  
south?" Congressman Slayden asked.  
"Oh, well, was the reply, and there  
was not a trace of a smile. "I s'pose  
they'll change north and south to fit  
Fifth avenue before long."—New York  
Times.

### Suzette and Her Book.

"Book-larnin' is a fine thing, a sho'  
nough fine thing," an old colored  
man confided to another man who had  
stopped him on the corner to borrow  
a match and have a friendly chat.

"I ain't got no book-larnin' an' my  
ol' woman, Liza, she ain't got no book-  
larnin'; but our gal—Suzette—law-  
man! she knows ev' thing that evah  
was wrote in a book, yes, she do. Mo-  
an' Liza, we jes' can't b'lieve all dem  
things 'at Suzette tells us—an' 'at  
Suzette reads out o' dem books, no,  
we can't, we jes' can't b'lieve 'em."

"Fo' Suzette went to school she  
jes' rant aroun' town ev'ry evenin'  
wid a passel o' yother lile young nig-  
gals—jes' like her; but now Suzette  
done larnt t' read, she jes' stays home  
all de endurin' days, an' ev'ry even-  
in', too."

"What Suzette stay home fer?"  
Why—dat gal jes' natchelly crazy to  
'set on de do' step in de evenin'—an'  
read dem books out loud—soze dem  
triffin' nig-gals nex' do' 'il hear 'er—  
an' know she got book larnin'. Yes,  
sah."

## VALLEY OF KASHMIR

India's Most Delightful Spot

(SPECIAL CORRESPONDENCE)

The inhabitants of the beautiful vale  
of Kashmir are, in looks, worthy of  
their birth and heritage, but in char-  
acter far from it. I fear. We were  
expressing to Col. K—e our opin-  
ion that the women and children of  
the valley were the handsomest in  
India, when he told us of a part of  
Kashmir, back in the hills, called  
"Paristan," literally "fairland," where  
the women are said to be ravishingly  
beautiful, but on no account ever mar-  
ried outside their land. He said he

it to be the room of a child. One large  
photograph of a famous horse belong-  
ing to Mian Sahib's grandfather show-  
ed an immense growth of mane and  
tail, at which we exclaimed, but the  
Rajah smiled and said that the photo-  
grapher had added all that hairy  
growth as suitable to the horse of a  
Maharajah.

One afternoon while still at Srinag-  
gur we all rode out to call on the Mar-  
quise de Bourbel, whose husband, very  
much older than herself, has been for  
years the engineer of the state, and



Planter's House and Tea Gardens.

had passed within a short distance of  
the place, and that his coolies had  
begged him to go there to see the  
beautiful women, but unfortunately  
he was on duty and could not spare  
the time. The valley is full of legends  
and superstitions, one of which is that  
certain stones to be seen beneath the  
waters of the lakes were at one time  
men, who for their evil deeds were  
condemned to die as rocks beneath the  
clear water until the lakes dried up.

One is often shown the "stone men,"  
which look very much like any other  
large rocks to our western eyes. An-  
other legend is of a siren living on the  
border of the Dal Lake, who sings en-  
chantingly if she sees one man alone,  
and beguiles him away with her, and  
he is never seen again, but if two  
men are together she does not try to  
ensnare them, or if the one lone man  
happens to have a gun and dog, so  
apparently she is a coward fay.

While visiting our friends, Col. and  
Mrs. R—e, we went one day with  
them in their pretty white shikara,  
with its blue and white awning and  
ten boatmen in livery of white and  
pale blue turbans and sashes, to the  
foot of the steps leading up to the  
palace of the Maharajah's brother, the  
Rajah Amir Singh, as Col. R—e was  
to make a call on that Prince. When  
the Rajah discovered that we were  
also in the boat, he sent to beg that we  
would come up to see the palace,  
which we did gladly. The Rajah's  
palace is on the other side of the  
canal from that of the Maharajah,  
and whereas the latter is a hideous  
painted brick building, with dreadful  
decorations of orange, green and red,  
the smaller palace is quite like an  
English country house covered entire-  
ly with rose vines, and with fine lawns  
and gardens. The Rajah came to the  
top of the broad stone stairway to  
meet us, and shaking hands most cor-  
dially, led us to his house, where, on  
the broad entrance porch, we found  
two rows of native servants standing,  
their shoes in pairs behind them.

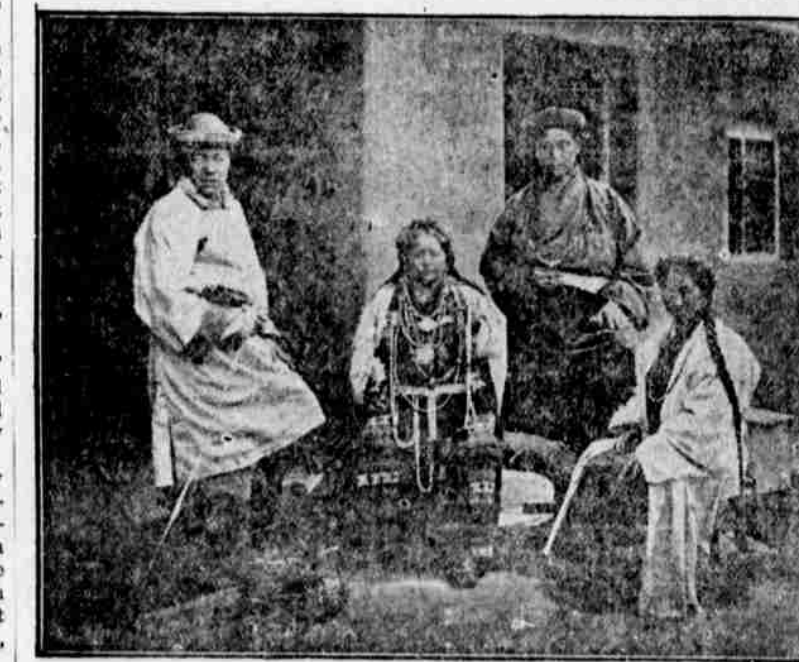
We noticed that the billiard table  
was of French make, without pockets,  
and the walls were hung with skins,  
huge antlers and deer heads. The  
drawing-rooms on the second floor

has just retired. They have a beau-  
tiful place on the Dal Lake, about four  
miles from Srinagur, surrounded by  
a high wall and with an avenue of tall  
Frenet lilac bushes at that time in  
full bloom, leading to the house.

On the way back Col. R—e told  
us a story of Mme. de Bourbel's cou-  
rage. It seems that several years ago  
the cholera was rampant to a dreadful  
degree all over Kashmir, and the Eu-  
ropean inhabitants of Srinagur  
cleared out to a man, but Mme. de  
Bourbel, whose husband was then in  
Europe, refused to leave her lovely  
place, saying that she was more com-  
fortable there, and did not wish to  
leave. One evening when she was  
taking her usual ride, she came to the  
trench through which runs the water  
for Srinagur, and on looking along  
it, thought she saw a man lying in  
the water. She rode up to the spot  
and rode up to the spot and discover-  
ed two natives in the last stages of  
cholera lying in the middle of the  
stream. Horrified, she rode up to the  
Residency, where they refused to be-  
lieve the story, but on going back with  
Mme. de Bourbel they found the two  
natives as she had said, but both dead.

Soon after that the Maharajah, fear-  
ing that if she were allowed to remain  
at the Dal and get cholera he would  
be censured by the English for per-  
mitting her to stay, sent seventy cool-  
ies down from Gulmurg to bring her  
and her things to that mountain val-  
ley, where the court goes every sum-  
mer for the months of July and Au-  
gust or August and September.

The coolies arrived in the middle  
of a very hot day and immediately fell  
upon her mulberry trees and ate the  
fruit until they could eat no more.  
When Mme. de Bourbel heard of it she  
was horrified and sent word that on  
no account were they to touch any  
fruit or to drink any water except that  
sent them by her, but it was too late,  
and before night three were dead of  
cholera. Then the courageous woman  
became really frightened and packed  
up her children and her belongings for  
an early start the next day. She  
sent one coolie ahead with the tiffin  
basket and at early dawn started off  
with the remaining sixty-six and her  
own servants. The tiffin basket did



Group of Native Indians.

not turn up at all, and before reaching  
Gulmurg, a long day's march, eleven  
more of the coolies were dead of chol-  
era. What a horrible journey that  
must have been! A few days after-  
ward the tiffin basket was forwarded  
by the governor of the state, with the  
message that Madame la Marquise  
would be wiser not to eat the contents  
of the basket, as the coolie had been  
found dead beside it. The basket was  
promptly put into the fire.

### A Model for Mothers.

With unceasing devotion and zeal  
Queen Wilhelmina's brave and clever  
mother—who during Wilhelmina's  
later girlhood was the Queen Regent  
—did whatever she could to make her  
daughter's education a truly excellent  
one. Among the names of those who  
taught the young queen, Queen Em-  
ma's name deserves a fair place. It  
was the Queen Regent herself who  
regulated and superintended all the  
lessons of Wilhelmina, being present  
at most of them and taking quite as  
much interest in them as her little  
daughter.—October St. Nicholas.

### Cheap Passenger Rates Via "Santa Fe Route"

To Boston, Baltimore, Minneapolis,  
Detroit, Atlanta and other points. For  
particulars, address C. F. Warren,  
General Agent, A. T. & S. F. Ry., 411  
Dooley Block, Salt Lake City, Utah.

### New Wedding Custom.

At a recent society wedding a no-  
velty was introduced. Instead of the  
throwing of the conventional and un-  
doubtedly hard-hitting rice, the pret-  
tiest and softest of tiny shoes made  
of silver paper, with "Good Luck"  
printed inside, and tiny silver horse-  
shoes made of the same harmless ma-  
terial, were used by the bride's well-  
wishers, and thrown at parting.

### Deafness Cannot be Cured.

by local applications as they cannot reach the dis-  
eased portion of the ear. There is only one way to  
cure deafness, and that is by constitutional remedies.  
Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the  
mucous lining of the Eustachian Tube. When this  
tube is inflamed you have a rumbling sound or im-  
perfect hearing, and when it is entirely closed, Deaf-  
ness is the result, and unless the inflammation can be  
taken out and this tube restored to its normal con-  
dition, hearing will be destroyed forever. Nine cases  
out of ten are caused by catarrh, which is not cured  
by local applications. We will give one hundred dollars for any case of  
Deafness caused by catarrh that cannot be cured  
by Hall's Catarrh Cure. Send for circulars, free.  
F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.  
Sold by Druggists. Hall's Family Pills are the best.

### He Scratched the Pickles.

The man from Quebec was inveigled  
into attending a church supper. The  
waiter offered him a pad on which  
was printed the bill of fare, the pa-  
tron being expected to underscore  
the dishes he desired. The Quebec  
man scrutinized it carefully for a few  
minutes and then asked the girl:  
"Wich wan o' dat is pickle?" The  
waiter pointed to the word pickles.  
"Well, cross out dat pickle," said the  
man from Quebec, "an' sen' me out  
all de res'!"

I am sure Piso's Cure for Consumption saved  
my life three years ago.—Mrs. THOS. ROBINSON,  
Maple Street, Norwich, N. Y., Feb. 17, 1900.

### Promises Unfulfilled.

A good story is told of Prof. Jebb. In  
the classroom, immediately above his  
own Prof. Veitch lectured on logic.  
One day the peroration of the profes-  
sor was greeted with such rapturous  
applause that it brought down some  
pieces of ceiling in the room below.  
As the bits of plaster dropped about  
the room Prof. Jebb quietly remarked:  
"Gentlemen, our promises will not sup-  
port the conclusion of the professor of  
logic."

### Facts as to Crime.

The number of crimes increases  
necessarily as civilization advances  
because new laws are made constitu-  
ing new crimes. While the number of  
violations of law increases the num-  
ber of atrocious crimes diminishes.  
The fact is that the increase in the  
criminal statistics is almost entirely  
in the newer and lighter offenses.

### REVIVAL OF THE STONE AGE.

Much of That Material Now Used in  
London Building.

The "stone age" is fast reviving in  
London, though in a more welcome  
form than that of old. There is a  
growing tendency to spend money  
more freely on business premises, and  
consequently architects, generally  
speaking, are enjoying more scope in  
designing structures with imposing  
elevations. To obtain the most hand-  
some effect white stone has become  
the favorite and wherever monetary  
considerations will permit this is al-  
most universally stipulated for in  
specifications.

"If this liberality continues," said a  
prominent contractor, "London will  
within a comparatively short period  
become the finest city in the world,  
architecturally speaking. At the pre-  
sent time two-thirds of the contracts  
in our hands specify for the use of  
stone frontages."

### BUSY DOCTOR

#### Sometimes Overlooks a Point.

The physician is such a busy man  
that he sometimes overlooks a valu-  
able point to which his attention may  
be called by an intelligent patient  
who is a thinker.

"About a year ago my attention  
was called to Grape-Nuts by one of  
my patients," says a physician of Cin-  
cinnati.

"At the time my own health was  
bad and I was pretty well rundown  
but I saw in a minute that the theo-  
ries behind Grape-Nuts were perfect  
and if the food was all that was  
claimed for it it was a perfect food  
so I commenced to use Grape-Nuts  
with warm milk twice a day and in a  
short time began to improve in every  
way, and now I am much stronger,  
feel 50% better and weigh more than  
I ever did in my life.

"I know that all of this good is due  
to Grape-Nuts and I am firmly con-  
vinced that the claims made for the  
food are true. I have recommended  
and still recommend the food to a  
great many of my patients with splen-  
did results, and in some cases the im-  
provement of patients on this food  
has been wonderful.

"As a brain and nerve food, in fact  
as a general food, Grape-Nuts stands  
alone." Name given by Postum Co.,  
Battle Creek, Mich.

Look in each package for a copy  
of the famous little book, "The Road  
to Wellville."